

# STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • SEPTEMBER 28, 1994





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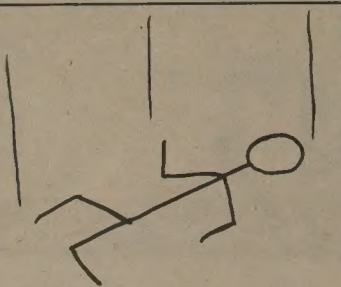
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TORCH, AMBASSADOR PIZZA, SMITH'S,  
ALBERTSON'S, FOOD 4 LESS, OAK HILLS  
GAS; AND IT IS HAND DELIVERED TO THESE  
APARTMENT COMPLEXES: THE GLENWOOD,  
RIVIERA, RAINTREE, BRANBURY, KING  
HENRY, LIBERTY SQUARE AND OTHER  
SMALLER COMPLEXES

Answer to Where's Rex from  
p. 11: Rex is in his vip box,  
not shown in picture.



## STUDENT REVIEW

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Views expressed in *Student  
Review* are presumably  
those of the authors, and  
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*SR*, The Church of Jesus  
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Seastar, The Children's  
Television Workshop, Guru  
Badini Mawatma, or the  
Colorblind Hedgehog  
Troupe of Siena

## EDITOR'S NOTE

A friend recently commented that the *Student Review* should be modelled after *Sesame Street*. That afternoon, I turned on PBS and thought about his suggestion. Why should *SR* be like that legendary community?

Because learning is central. *Sesame Street* serves as a cognitive boot-camp for children across America. Concepts of identity, number, combination and detachment, predication, weighting, and supplementation all appear, often personified, before the rapt audience. We see that such concepts are acquired—hardly self-evident, as we come to think in later, more cynical years.

Beyond such conceptual indoctrination, the street denizens receive social training. They are taught the irrelevance of color to identity, when dealing with people. They learn to accommodate some degree of difference, allowing monsters, vampires, animals, and even a "grouch" to walk freely through the street. All are equal in the eyes of... In the eyes of... Hmm... That's it, isn't it? In whose eyes? A careful examination of the neighborhood, with an eye for what is not there, reveals much about this question. It's an inner-city street, is it not? Where are the guns? Drive-by shootings? Drug peddlers and prostitutes? Graffiti? Though *Sesame Street* purportedly lies in such an area, it manifests no signs of urban blight. There must be a powerful and effective police force behind the scenes... And no one works (no, not even Mr. Hooper). I can imagine a community operating without money; *SR* does it all the time. But a community which survives without work? Who's supporting this neighborhood? Perhaps the police force subsidizes the comings and goings. But surely diversity abounds, despite the fact that *Sesame Street* is a closed zone, politically and economically. What of the monsters? Well, the monsters which remain after the police work is done eat cookies. The only vampire not taken into custody fulfills his preternatural hungers by enumerating things, summoning thunderclaps with his orgiastic cackling. The animals are smart, verbose, and not eaten. And the "grouch" stew in his own misanthropy—his trash can,—never taking action against the humanity he so gleefully despises. It seems a rather safe diversity, at best.

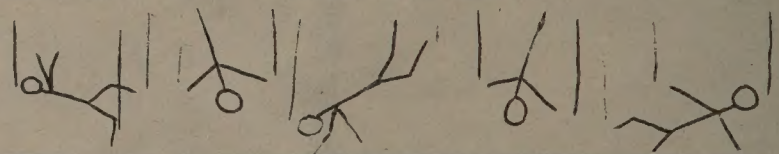
But the children—all shapes, sizes, colors... Exactly. When a sketch involves five "diverse" children—one white, one black, one red, one brown, one in a wheel-chair,—we must ask ourselves: Are our communities such natural rainbows? And if not, what is transpiring behind the scenes to secure this flavor of diversity?

Given the money, the power, and the proper educational institutions, an invisible police force effectively regulates *Sesame Street*. This force decides what should be learned by the citizens and how. It arbitrates between "safe" difference and "hazardous," defusing the latter by education or exile. By controlling the purse strings, the police force allows the social agenda to progress without impediment from exogenous economic variables. *Sesame Street* is an ideological project.

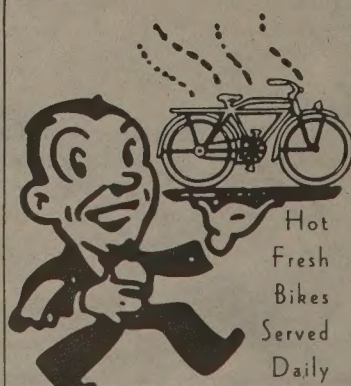
By the time the show ended, it had not only entertained me, but convinced me that it was not the model for the *Student Review*. I have come to feel that there should be no model for the paper. This arguably substitutes an anarchic stance for ideologies which, in our historical setting, seem progressive, orthodox, humanitarian, repressive, ad nauseam. So be it. Freedom always smelled better to me than "righteousness," which is perhaps why I am here rather than in the company of Satan.

J. Scott Craig

## STAFF OF THE WEEK



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# TESTIMONY BINGO

by Emily Lauritzen

IT'S LIKE MY MISSION PRESIDENT ALWAYS USED TO SAY...	I FEEL SO UNWORTHY TO BE STANDING BEFORE YOU TODAY.	THERE'S JUST A SPECIAL FEELING IN THIS WARD.	I WAS SITTING DOWN THERE AND MY HEART WAS JUST POUNDING...	I KNOW THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT, BUT I JUST HAD TO STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY...
I JUST KNOW IT IS RIGHT THAT I'M GOING TO SCHOOL HERE.	I KNOW WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SHARE WHAT'S IN OUR PATRIARCAHAL BLESSING, BUT...	THIS MORNING DURING MY DAILY SCRIPTURE STUDY...	LATELY MY BROTHER/SISTER HAS BEEN STRAYING FROM THE CHURCH AND IT'S BEEN REALLY HARD ON MY FAMILY.	IT REMINDED ME OF AN EXPERIENCE I HAD ON MY MISSION...
WE HAVE THE NEATEST WARD AND COOLEST BISHOPRIC IN THE WORLD.	THIS PAST WEEK HAS BEEN REALLY HARD...	FREE	I LOVE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU EVEN THOUGH I DON'T KNOW ANY OF YOU.	...BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT.
ANY LONG AND VERBOSE ANECODOITE WITH THE FOLLOWING PHARES: "MY ROOMATES," "BRUCE R MCCONKIE" OR "CAFFINATED SODA."	I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE CHANCE I HAVE TO SERVE AS THE WARD _____. (INSERT ANY CALLING.)	I DON'T REMEMBER WHO SAID IT, BUT...	...WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY SOUL.	I'D LIKE TO TELL MY ROOMATES HOW MUCH I LOVE THEM, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T ALWAYS ACT LIKE IT.
I'D REALLY LIKE TO THANK THAT SPECIAL PERSON IN MY LIFE...	I HAD AN EXPERIENCE THIS LAST WEEK WHICH TAUGHT ME...	I WOULDN'T BE UP HERE, BUT MY ROOMATE BET ME FIVE BUCKS I WOULDN'T BEAR MY TESTIMONY.	I WOULD BE UNGRATEFUL IF I DIDN'T STAND AND PUBLICLY THANK...	IN MY RELIGION CLASS THIS WEEK...

THE NOISES FROM THE PULPIT HAVE BECOME A DULL BUZZ in your ears. You are nearing the twenty-third hour of your twenty-four-hour fast and brain cells are dying quickly. You rouse yourself from this near-coma and listen for a few seconds. A few minutes later you rouse yourself again. Wait—you hear the same phrases being said by different people. Sometimes the phrases are in a different order, but they are the same

phrases. You start keeping score. "Beyond a shadow of a doubt" is leading with a 10 while "I feel so unworthy to be standing before you today" is nipping at its heels with a 9. Ever noticed this phenomenon?

Yes, we Mormons are a peculiar people. So peculiar, in fact, that we have developed our own fast and testimony meeting catechism. These meetings (among other things)

provide a veritable bevy of overused, trite, and distinctive phrases and expressions. With this in mind I came up with a list of my favorite fast and testimony meeting phrases, and what better organization for them than a bingo board? It may amuse you, but then again it may infuriate you. In any case, did you ever realize how predictable LDS fast and testimony meetings are? Δ

Cut these markers out and play a game:







## POLICY UPDATE

BY ISSAC B. STRAWSON

President Rex Lee announced Monday that he and his top advisors have just returned from high-level planning meetings with members of President Bill Clinton's cabinet.

In an unprecedented example of high-level brainstorming by both administrations, BYU president Rex Lee and his top advisors have been meeting with President Bill Clinton over the past few weeks, said Lee.

The talks were aimed at crafting a package deal by which both Presidents could bolster their top needs.

Sagging popularity levels for Clinton have motivated him to attempt to reclaim the glory of the PLO-Israeli Agreement last Fall. Clinton hopes that something of a miniature reenactment of this at BYU—the withdrawal of the BYU Administration from student apartments and private lives—will contribute in some small, positive way to his ratings.

"This is only a first step," said Clinton, "but I have complete confidence in the courage and integrity of the good people of BYU and their community. I think the neighborhoods surrounding BYU are capable of, and ready for, self-rule." The future status of the BYU campus itself was notably lacking from the agreement. According to the new plan, some semblance of self-government and the complete withdrawal of Lee's front-line troops should be completed by mid-December.

Student response to the announcement was mixed. In a turnaround from the situation in the Middle East, radical student elements of the religious right here in Provo are opposing the agreement, but not because they want greater concessions. "I signed the honor code to come to BYU and I'll be \*\*\*\*\* before I'll see BYU withdraw."

More liberal elements appeared relatively giddy.

The agreement between BYU and Clinton also contained a pet program for President Lee, who is reported to be increasingly frustrated with his inability to effect any real reduction in the lengthy graduation time of most BYU students. According to influential sources in the ASB, Lee has decided to bring in Clinton's policy staff to implement a radical new "Four years and off" registration scheme. BYU students, regardless of marital status, race, or background, will now be permitted to receive BYU instruction for four years, during which the ambitious ones may actually receive some career preparation. After that time, "it's back to the streets, baby," said Lee in his prepared address.

Student response to this announcement was not noticeable.

A new BYU health care scheme is also in the works, according to a relatively insignificant administration snitch. The plan would require each department to pay the cost of health care for students enrolled in their major. Costs of insurance for students who have not declared a major will be paid for by tithing money, and will therefore be subjected to various abuses in the event that they fail to be healthy. "After all, there are 65,000 worthy church members in Sri Lanka who would like very much to be here at BYU on that insurance plan, and you can bet your bottom dollar they would be breaking their necks to be physically fit and not take BYU or its health care for granted," said the source.

Plans for a "Midnight Basketball" program were scrapped when it was realized that such a plan would put BYU males and BYU females in close quarters after midnight.

## Top Twenty

1. Fried Icecream
2. One hour photo
3. Money
4. REM's new CD
5. Thesaurus
6. Puppies
7. Clean clothes
8. Ferret races
9. Democracy in Haiti
10. Scratch-n-sniff crayons
11. King James Version
12. Snooze buttons
13. Didacts and Narpets
14. Film encyclopedias
15. Microwave popcorn
16. Smoke-filled rooms
17. OTC drugs
18. Terraces
19. Lycra
20. Richard III

**Bottom 10:** Microwave brownies, Mia, Mean juntas, sporks, wilted lettuce, humidity, imbalances, insomnia, soggy Cornflakes, pain

## Eavesdropper

### Two Girls Crossing Quad

Girl #1: But *we're* choir fags.

Girl #2: I'm an art fag, not a choir fag.

### Guy Meets Girl by Library

Guy: Dude! I just saw a general authority!

Girl: No way! Which one?

Guy: What's his name...The one that always plays the organ.

### Two Girls Bowling

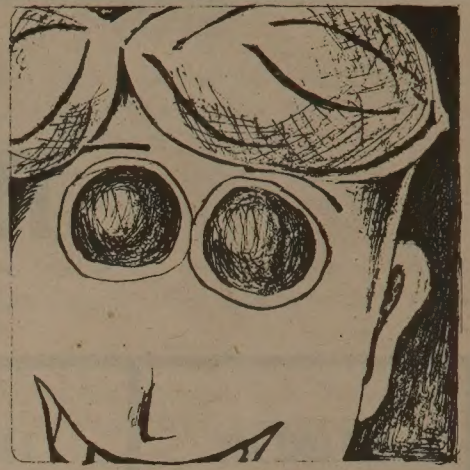
Girl #1: *I'm* not pregnant; *you're* pregnant.

### R.S. President Teaching Priesthood

R.S. Pres: Date to have fun. Don't worry about finding your eternal mate.

Elder: I don't wanna spend money on someone else's wife!

MATTHEW



## I CAN WRITE MY VERY OWN HUMOR COLUMN

WORKMAN'S

3608

WASTED

CHARACTERS

Writing a humor column is not as easy as it looks. Every week you have to have an amusing experience to write about, or you're sunk. Every week you must endure endless interrogation concerning the previous week's column ("Why did you sit down if you knew the supermodel wouldn't see you down there?") Perhaps worst is the response from critics, "I think that Dave Barry guy is much more funny."

You can learn to live with those problems because there are other things that override them. For instance, I have my own forum for spouting off any time I want. I can't get sued for slander for anything I write because it's a humor column. Watch this: Scott Whitmore is a boogerhead and recently killed 14 men. Since my roommate does not have his own humor column, he really has no recourse to fix this slanderous statement. I guess he could write a letter to the editor, but nobody ever reads those.

I guess my only real gripe is the topical nature of humor. For instance, if you have two good stories in a week, one may have to wait, and by then the story may be too dated to print. Check out this column that was never finished:

"For those of you who missed Rex's speech to you last week, let me sum it up for you. 'We hate you. Go away.'"

Now that I look at it, I guess Rex gives that speech every year. So much for topicality. But I really do have a bunch of aborted columns lying around the old shop that will never see the light of day. Some of them were trashed because there was nowhere to go with them. Some were other people's ideas that I tried to flesh out. Some were just plain stupid.

I thought, just for the sake of housecleaning, I would throw out all these old opening lines so they would stop cluttering the memory in my roommate's computer. Here are some that you can read and enjoy. I've included instructions on how to build your own humor column out of the opening sentences, just in case you're really bored.

### COLUMN #1

"I went to Lollapalooza and six people touched my butt. It's not so much that they touched it, but that they didn't ask first. I guess you have to expect that kind of thing at stadium shows." (Explain the whole stadium show concept. Discuss the quirky habits of concertgoers. Try not to show your contempt for the whole thing. Tell a short story in the middle.)

### COLUMN #2

"My roommate just licensed his facial hair and I'm not sure how I feel about that." (Detail the process of getting a beard card. Make it sound kind of silly. Don't come right out and say the beard card process is stupid; only the freshmen will find that funny.)

### COLUMN #3

"If one more person tells me I have to be married before I leave BYU, I will personally kill his/her dog." (Fruitful vein—you can make a big, fat, juicy column out of this one. Take swipes at the marriage machine and make yourself look swell in the process. If you do this one right, someone will probably ask you out for the next weekend. Not a bad deal.)

### COLUMN #4

"It's mission reunion time again! If you're heading off to a mission reunion this weekend, here are some tips to make the experience as quick and painless as possible." (A good excuse to launch into a long batch of stories about all the wing nuts that were in your mission. Be sure to make lots of stuff up. Missions are so weird that almost nobody will ever say, "that can't be true.")

Rats! Now that I look at the last idea I realize that it's a timely idea that could easily be made into a longer column. Oh well, I hope you can make a good column out of it. If you do, let me know.



# MORE POLICY UPDATES

BY JENNIFER ROBBINS

The Administration announced early this morning that construction will begin on a new building to house a BYU Medical school in early spring 1995.

"We had hoped to work out a deal with Utah Valley Medical Center," stated the official reading the statement, "but we ran into some difficulties, and decided just to do it ourselves."

The new facility will allow BYU medical students the chance to cut, paste, and reassemble living bodies right here on campus. Students needing to be cut, pasted, or reassembled will be able to receive medical care at the new facility at prices that will be, according to one official, at least as fair as the bookstore's textbook buyback policy.

"In other words," she said, "let's suppose you bought your appendix for fifty-five dollars. We remove it from you, and pay you \$5.23 and a miniature snickers bar for your trouble. Then, when a student needs an appendix, we will make your appendix available to them for a slight mark-up, say maybe a thousand percent. They can now purchase your appendix for about fifty-two dollars. We give them a break from the fifty-five you paid, because after all, its used. Who really would choose to pay full price for a used appendix? Come on now, let's be reasonable."

A few policies and procedures were outlined:

First, no operations or emergencies between midnight and six a.m. for non-married students if a member of the opposite sex is already in the building.

Second, no emergency service or operating room "privilege" for scruffy or unshaven persons.

Third, student doctors and nurses will be expelled if caught nicknaming the clinic's patients.

The new facility will cover approximately ten acres, carefully designed and positioned to squeeze the last traces of same-time-zone parking off the face of BYU.

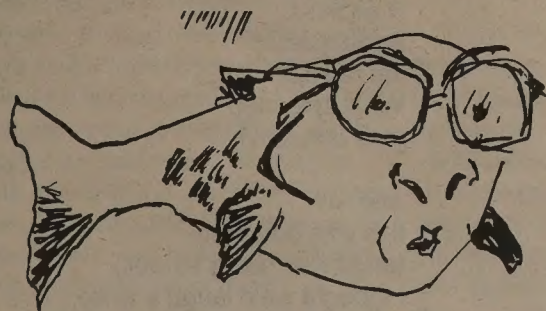
## BIG VALUES



## Where's Rex?

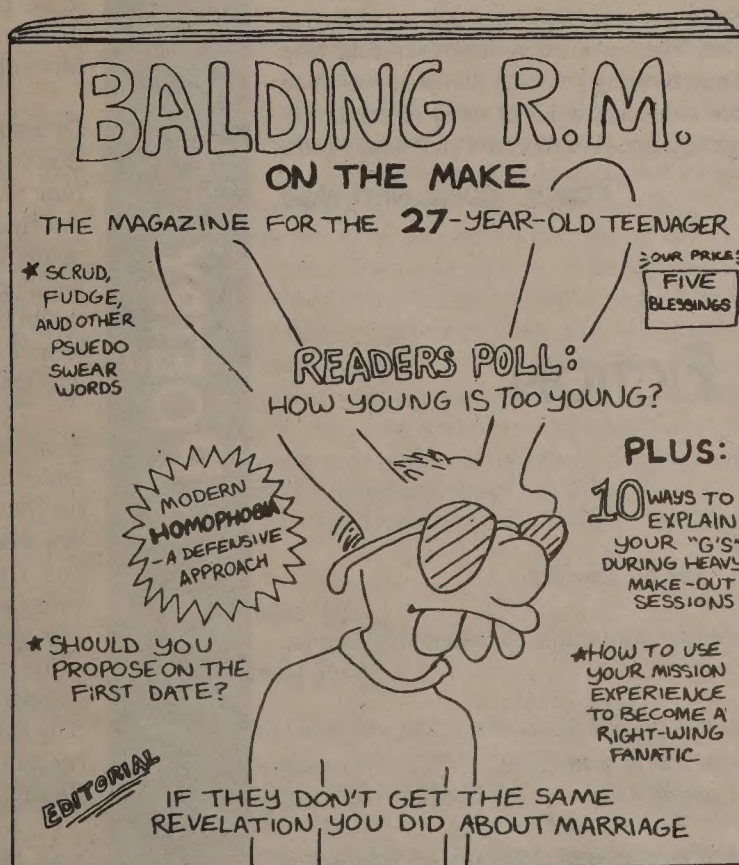


Answer: on the bottom of p. 2



### TOP TEN WAYS BYU WOULD BE DIFFERENT IF TROUT RAN THE PLACE:

10. No fishing.
9. Honors code violators fed to sharks.
8. Tuition to be paid in worms or Tetra Staple Food.
7. Student-owned sea-horses must be tethered in Y zones only.
6. Scheduling of classes adjusted to accommodate for difficulty in rushing to class during low tide.
5. Salmon may as well enroll at the U, cause if we catch'em rushing up there anyway they're out!
4. Canadian Students must register in special "American Waterways" section to fill GE requirement.
3. No depositing eggs around campus.
2. Massive campaign initiated to eliminate popular Daily Universe nickname, "That stinking, lousy fishwrap."
1. No tuna sandwiches at Mama's Café.



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## TOP 10 Responses to Bishop's Questions

- (1) "Just how detailed?"
- (2) "I attend my girlfriend's ward."
- (3) "Yes, yes, yes, no, no, yes, yes, no, no."
- (4) "But they drank it in the Bible."
- (5) "She doesn't speak English—does that count?"
- (6) "I'll just go my way and sin no more."
- (7) "That whole NC-17 thing threw me off."
- (8) "I feel so empty inside."
- (9) "So that's what 'CTR' means."
- (10) "I'm not sure... what's the street term for that?"

## LIFE IN HECK

© 1989 R+K WAYMENT

W/APOLOGIES  
TO MATT  
GROENING





## "PORCH"

BY JACOB STEINEM

I stretch my legs with some deliberation. Why, if one must sit on a porch, should porch-benches be so hard? Is it a lesson? Perhaps merely the final stage in the happenstance evolution of a secondary home furnishing? And why the porch?

Michael continues his soliloquy. An oration or exploration around God. The quintessence of porch talk...

"When I was a kid, I thought God was sort of a, I don't know. See, I got some goldfish. I think they were goldfish. That's strange that I can't remember now. But I did have fish, and I was absolutely enthralled. I decorated their tank, changed the water, fed them a variety of food-stuffs, I even talked to them..."

Our porch isn't as it should be, of course. Perhaps there are no "ideal" porches. A porch should open up to an unobstructed horizon, free of buildings or even mountains. Yes, porches should face seas—seas of mesquite, wild flowers, briny waves, whatever. Here we face a few square feet of grass, a stretch of smooth pavement criss-crossed with sticky black tar, and then a tall picket fence—a privacy-fence. The view of a horizon is everything. The freedom to run straight ahead, to crawl up slowly, to pilfer a quick glance over the edge if possible, then to run back to the solace of the painful rotting wood and rustred iron of the bench. There's something noble about trying to get over the horizon, even though we decry its possibility. A nobility which is denied in the very thought of sneaking a peek through privacy-fence slats. The fence is artificial—like a bathroom door when you live by yourself. It creates the illusion of difference—of scandal—by fostering a jealous ignorance. Peering over the menacing wooden teeth of a privacy-fence is

as liberating and mundane as saying "nigger" twenty times, as fast as you can. Jumping up and down on your innocent trampoline. You still refuse to use it in the company of others. Maintain the power.

"Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger..."

"I don't see how that answers the question," Michael states matter-of-factly. "I still couldn't figure it out, though. Sure, I started realizing that the difference between the divine and the human was so great that my previous models—not models, I guess, but analogies—just didn't capture the distance. So I thought, maybe He watches us like my brother watches television. Focused, yet so intently that he can't possibly be following the action—maybe like the slot-johns in Las Vegas. Or is that to follow only the action? Or the action is so commonplace, the stories so routine, that he loses his sense of time. It's a continual progression of the same, more or less..."

Porch talk. It's a strange partnership in which one person speaks while the other politely thinks of something else. The speaker raises a question but, after some silence, he comes to the realization that it was rhetorical. He must always provide his own answers. The listener—me, today—has the luxury of slipping between his own wanderings and those of the speaker. Porch talk is much like prayer. But to whom do we pray?

There's no visible horizon from our porch. Sure, you can close your eyes and imagine one. The hot wind sweeps over your bare arms, blowing your hair into your eyes. You see miles and miles of nasty thorned mesquite, islands in an ocean of knee-high weeds.

"PORCH" CONT. NEXT PAGE

## TRAPPED A PIECE OF FLASH FICTION

BY Q. WOODWARD

"We never talk anymore."

"You say that as if we once did," she replied.

"Well, we did, and then you..." He couldn't finish his sentence.

"And then I what?"

"You know what I'm talking about...him," he said the word with such contempt in his voice she couldn't help but get angry.

"What about him?! He's a wonderful guy."

"And I'm not?"

"I'm not saying anything like that at all, it's just that he's so...so..."

"He's so not me. I understand. Only a fool couldn't see why you like him. He's got everything I don't."

"Give it a rest," she said. "You've got plenty of great qualities, and any girl would give an arm and a leg to be with you."

"Any girl but you that is."

He had her there.

## SWIPE'S DEMISE

BY Q. WOODWARD

Once there was a boy named Swipe. He was a very curious lad, and enjoyed asking questions about almost anything imaginable. His pestering personality was such that he would harrass anyone who would give him their time.

"What time is it?" Swipe asked a man on the street one day.

"Four-fifteen," the man replied as he began to walk away, he was obviously in a hurry. But Swipe wouldn't let him go.

"Hey," he called after the man. "What's for dinner?"

"Who's dinner?"

"I don't know," Swipe replied. "What's for dinner?"

The man craftily devised a plan to rid himself of this little pest. "Mashed potatoes and asparagus. Now I really must be going."

"Not so fast mister, I want to know what kind of fabric your pants are made of."

"Hmmm... Cotton. Now go away!"

"Not until you can tell me the names of all the astronauts on the space shuttle Challenger."

"What?!"

"You know, the one that exploded. And don't blow me off with that school teacher that everyone knows. I want them ALL!"

"I have no idea who was on the Challenger. Now, little boy, if you don't quit asking me questions, I'm going to get very upset."

Swipe put out his hand to stop the frustrated man. "Ah, ah, ah, not so fast. I've got a few more questions for you, buddy."

Although the man was in no mood for this

childish game, he decided to play along. Perhaps the boy would lose interest and leave.

"Okay, what do you want to know?"

"Four plus six?" Swipe liked to start with an easy one.

"Ten."

"George Bush's middle names?"

"Herbert and Walker."

"The periodic symbol for potassium?"

"K."

"Michael Jackson's chimp?"

"Bubbles."

"The Watergate reporters?"

"Woodward and Bernstein."

"The deritive of the absolute value of X?"

"Ummm...the absolute value of X over X."

"Nice work, old man. But who's the richest man in America?"

"Bill Gates. Don't waste my time." The man actually began enjoying the game. He knew the answer to every question the boy threw at him, and Swipe seemed to be getting frustrated. But the

annoying child had played this game many times more than the old man. Swipe was about to unleash the heavy artillery.

"What do you get when you integrate acceleration?"

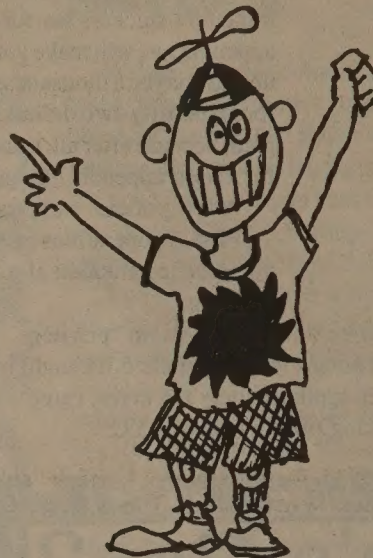
"Velocity."

"What do you get when you integrate velocity?"

"Position."

"What do you get when you integrate position?"

"SWIPE" CONT. NEXT PAGE



## POETRY

### Treatment

If no one was looking, could the if-boy be left alone to his play-games on the Monkey Bars?

Or would the Bowlheaded boys hunt him to the Red Rover divots where he would no-doubt be chased (convinced) into submission.

Scrapes on his knees and gravel in his hands, the if-boy went back to Mrs. Chalk-writer's classroom, (the one with the ukeleles in the corner and the checks on the board) only to find that his game had just Begun.

—Q. Woodward

### Why the worry?

(needless)  
Apologies  
set me spinning...  
What spawned  
your concern?

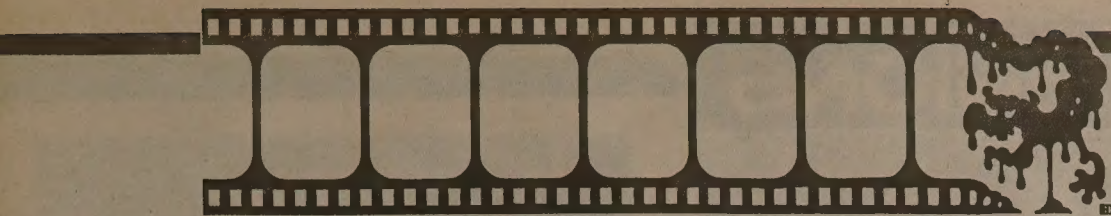
After all—  
this was our game  
(and I was doing so well)  
I thought we'd laugh a while,  
maybe exchange words in passing.

but maybe you believed...  
No, of course not  
(How could you have?)

And if you ever laid eyes  
on this, I do believe  
I would lose all respect  
for myself.

—Q. Woodward





# "TERMINAL VELOCITY"

BY STELLA ASPER

"Terminal Velocity" (dir. Deran Serafian) proved to be a learning experience for me. The lesson: one needn't have, nor assemble, talent to make a film.

**Rating -3** A somewhat portly Charlie Sheen stars as "Ditch" Brodie, a would-be virile skydiver whose escapades give women and actuaries pause. Brodie gives a quick skydiving lesson to Chris Morrow (Nastassja Kinski)—a lesson which presumably fails, based on the results of Morrow's ill-fated jump. The FAA, Attorney General, KGB, and Russian Mafia combine forces against Brodie who, despite a dim wit and dumpy physique, manages to surmount all opposition.

The screenplay overflows with tacky one-liners, perhaps to compensate for the protagonist's petri-dish depth. Brodie's overacted masculinity grows tiresome quickly. Within minutes I wished he would pull down his pants, prove to himself and the world that he has a penis, swallow the NC-17 rating (if necessary), and desist from his never-ending verbal affirmations of potency. Instead, he continues to spout about his manhood, often by abasing women, for the full 102 minute running time. Kinski, whether by inexperience or a bad script, is equally dissatisfying in her role as an ex-spy. Her personae through the film range from "kickboxing sex-object," to "aloof, yet accessible, sex-object," to "sex-object in distress."

The film displays unusual—not to say "good"—camera work. Cameras stagger around rooms, making broad, concentric sweeps, as if inebriated. Whether inside or out, there is a conspicuous lack of direction, the lens often being forced to bump into things awkwardly, necessitating frequent and disorienting cuts. The cinematography suggests ambition, though without skill or confidence.

"Terminal Velocity" fills a cauldron with bad acting, bad directing, bad cinematography, a pessimal screenplay, and, of course, money. Some action movies redeem themselves from genre-prejudice by being fun. However, as "Last Action Hero" taught us, such redemption cannot be secured solely by countless wads of cash. The makers of "Terminal Velocity" should have been apprised of this. It would have saved them, and the viewing public, unnecessary insult and expense.

## GIVE ME A HOME WHERE THE STUPID FISH ROAM

BY NICK ZUKIN

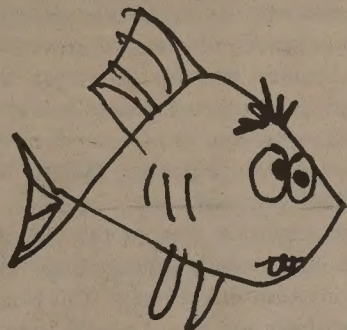
Each time I catch a fish, the experience fills my soul. I reach into the clear water, hold the fish above my head like the classic birth scene in Roots, and announce: "I caught this fish, may they all be as stupid."

Most flyfishers search for the wizened trout. They rightfully find gratification when they've caught a native brown donning a beard and spectacles from its years of avoiding poorly tied flies. Not me. It takes too little for a trout to surpass my IQ. I'd probably be happy fishing hatchery ponds where they'll strike tossed handfuls of gravel. I admit it. I have no pride.

My habits are leftovers from my days as a bait fisherman. In those times, fishing meant sitting on a boat acquiring a tan until the fish trucks filled the lake with pellet fed hatchery trout. Hatchery trout, as every fisher knows, are as stupid as fish come. Most times, a safety pin and twine is the extent of bait needed to catch your limit. In between swigs of Mountain Dew and handfuls of Doritos even I can catch my limit of trout.

But I shouldn't use the word "trout." If real flyfishers knew I called hatchery fish "trout," a lynch mob would soon form to hang me by my waders and fill them with leeches. Not only do real flyfishermen despise hatchery fish for their stupidity, but because of their seeming inability to do anything to escape being caught.

A native brown trout can maneuver so expertly after being hooked as to zig-zag through bushes and fallen logs, loop your line around two rocks, and then catch a current, swimming fifty yards downstream until the line snaps. By the time you trudge downstream and realize the brown got away, the fish is back upstream in its favorite hiding spot ten feet from your legs, thumbing its gills at you. For me this is a headache, yet for many it's the sport of flyfishing. But this is after you actually hook a native brown. I hardly give the effort.



Don't think I'm soulless. When I began flyfishing, I too was in search of the wizened trout. I would climb trees to spot large fish in their pools. Then after climbing down, I would approach the river always keeping my eye on the pool where I spotted the large trout. But as soon as I reached the bank, I would see a tail splash and a shadow race away from the pool. For what they don't tell you in flyfishing "how to" books is that the wizened trout always hires a lookout. I was probably spotted before I spotted it. When I began walking towards the pool, I was made. Obviously, a second try was in order. After spotting my next wizened trout, I crawled to the river. Marine boot camp could not prepare me. Like a snake I slithered across the ground, but again the fish were ready. You must understand, a zoology book won't tell you this, but I will: fish have excellent hearing. Superman would be jealous. The rustling of fallen leaves, and the almost indistinguishable crack of a twig warned the lookout trout of my deed. Foiled again.

And after I went home with an empty creel, and after I had spent a month recovering from severe poison oak, never again have I pursued the elusive wizened trout. For after my quest was over, I learned one thing: fish are smart. Well, they're smarter than me.

BY TOM DIMAGGIO

**Rating: -2.5** If you liked "Die Hard", if you liked "A Room with a View," if you liked "Citizen Kane," if you liked "The Holy Grail," even if you liked "Biker Chics in Zombie Town," you still probably won't like this. That's not to say this is the worst movie I've ever seen. "Cops and Robbersons" was worse. I walked out on "Hot Shots." But when all the stunts and plot twists have already aired on "Fall Guy," you know the movie's bad. At least "Biker Chics in Zombie Town" had exploding heads and an original soundtrack by the Cycle Sluts from Hell.

There were a myriad of misuses in this movie. Charlie Sheen looked like an Elvis impersonator from the fat, drugged-out years. One of the assassins/KGB/Mafia/Gold-smugglers has only one line where he doesn't yell. The special effects illicit no more of a reaction than: "Ooo, falling guy go splat," or, "Wow, bang-bang big fire." We're talkin' boring.

And the music! Uuuuugh! The music was terrible: incessant, manipulating, amelodic music. I counted only two scenes where there wasn't the presence of a vomitously bad soundtrack. It was like watching a silent movie where every scene has the organ player telling you what mood you're to be in. If it's supposed to be scary, you get scary music. If it's supposed to be romantic, you get romantic music. And most of the time you just get music that's supposed to keep you from getting bored (and it didn't work).

What I'm saying is, this was a hideous movie.

Okay, you ask, why did it get any points at all, Tom? Why not just give it the lowest rating possible? Send it down the toilet with "Hot Shots." The answer is that it did have elements that were adequate. The directing was slightly above average and the acting was fair. But that's it. The dialogue sounded like it came from a bad '40s cop show: a barrage of terrible one-liners after one-liner. Of course there is a positive aspect here. Maybe if no one goes to see it, a good movie will be here next Friday. So please save me. Don't see this movie. It's for both of us.

CONTINUED...

## PORCH

Something disturbs the busy silence—a reckless plodding through the grass. Probably an armadillo. Maybe a skunk. The noise excites the grackles, causing them to swirl up, forming an iridescent whirlwind that stipples the blue.

The clouds. When does our fascination with clouds die? Once we could, with neat Gestalt mental tricks, veto the clouds in favor of a zoological garden. A menagerie of creatures, ordinary

and fantastic. And the wonder is that we saw them. Then some day, a public-safety minded official decided that animals in the heavens constituted a health hazard. He swept them into his bag, and replaced them with benign, rational, amorphous, and impotent placebos. Cirrus, altocumulous, nimbostratus, cumulonimbus, stratocumulous...

It's amazing that a half-inch of particle board, a slab of sheet-rock, and a couple of well-placed stones can divide the universe. I suppose all of life is really about dividing. Our mathematics support this claim. We can, without guilt, divide everything. We can even divide nothing—zero. However, we are quick to teach our children that though we can divide nothing, we cannot divide by nothing.

Some people are very up-front about their dividing endeavors. The Nazis, for example, faithfully and unapologetically pursued an agenda for division, and for this I respect them. Today, our lines are drawn quite differently, yet we are too cowardly to acknowledge them. The greatest cowards and hypocrites are those who divide themselves from the society of dividers.

But something always rides the line, straddles the border. And resting on that pre-fab line between man and nature is the porch. A penumbra. It is not purely human, not wholly natural. It defies bivalence. There are chairs, but they cause discomfort. There is shade, though accompanied by mosquitoes. The hope for a horizon is stirred, yet a wall stands at one's back.

"...more like sleeping. You know how it's easy, even delightful, to fall asleep in the rain? He's omnipotent, so He can start the rain. He's omniscient so, as the Psalmist said, He can never sleep nor slumber. Oh, yes. He can fall, but the angels will always bear Him up. He will never cross the line. Yet if one is weary, isn't the oblivion of eternal falling preferable to the.... And if one must fall asleep forever, wouldn't one, having the power to do so, wish to call down the rains? Yes, quite. And so God falls endlessly, though not without interruption. When the rain stops, one awakens, one returns to care. What is noise, but a contrast with the usual sounds? So God comes back, God cares, upon the cessation of the downpour, or on the occasion of an extraordinarily sharp thunder-clap. He dispenses a revelation, if necessary, if it isn't simply too late for it to matter, then allows Himself the measured quality of falling."

"All of this presupposes," I whisper, "that there is a God." "Naturally," he replies.

CONTINUED...

## SWIPE

The man thought for a moment, but couldn't answer. Swipe simply stood there smiling, knowing he had outfoxed another adult. But the smirk on the boy's face was too much to bear. Suddenly, the man screamed.

"I don't know, you slimy little disease!" he shouted as he picked Swipe up off the ground. Before Swipe knew it, he had been thrown into the path of a moving garbage truck.

The man happily made his way to work.



## WASHINGTON RIGHTS

BY RUSSELL ARBEN FOX

I. Summer of 1993 I was in Washington DC. working for a human rights organization. As one might expect of a group with something other than industrial expansion as its goal, the internship didn't pay. Still, the heat and work of four busy summer months in our nation's capital was worth it. It was there I met Max.

Max was, in fact, the most regular part of my daily schedule. While others would leave the office unannounced and return at unexpected hours, Max never moved, and did the same thing over and over again—smile at all of us, and stare. His was a weary smile; when he laughed, it was kind of a croak, one without much enthusiasm; more a laugh of acknowledgment than one of surprise. To him, the McPherson Square Blue Line Metro Stop and the quick stainless-steel escalator steps that carried ten thousand people to and from the trains every day was an unending theater in the round, and he'd long since seen the matinee.

Max was a bum. A beggar, a tramp, a homeless individual, a panhandler, call him what you will. I am, of course, assuming, and assuming a great deal. I never spoke to him. Perhaps he had a home and a mortgage and a night job; perhaps he was a spy or a security agent or an undercover cop or dogcatcher. I don't know. He sat right outside the Metro stop, in the morning sunshine that squeezed between the ever-expanding office buildings which lined H Street and 13th Avenue from end to end. He had few teeth, a gray beard, callused hands, a torn coat. He was black.

Occasionally he spoke to himself, and once held up a sign for us to read (it was illegible), but mostly he leaned against the wall of a deli, a styrofoam cup beside him, usually empty. More often than not, a collection of crushed wet cigarette butts

surrounded his feet. Speaking of which, his feet, at the beginning of the summer, were shod in brand new boots, fine leather boots, laced up to the top. By August though, they had grown dirty and scuffed, and no longer had much luster to them. He may have slept with them on, or walked many miles in them; perhaps someone tried to steal them, or perhaps he committed crimes with them on. I have no idea.

Though Max (the name I gave him; it came to me one morning, and stuck in my mind) is the most unforgettable face of my summer sojourn in our capital, and certainly the most consistent and dependable beggar

out of the many I dealt with there, I never gave him money. At first, I thought my unwillingness sprang from his boots. Anyone with fine shoes like that, thought I, must have some source of income that makes my spare change irrelevant and unnecessary. But as his boots degraded, my justification changed. I told myself that Max was, probably, certainly, crazy, or at least mostly so. But craziness hadn't stopped me from giving money (twelve cents, a quarter, whatever I had) to others before. No, the reason I never threw a dime in Max's cup, I think, is this: he never asked me to. Perhaps he didn't want to, or was somehow unable to. But certainly he needed help of some kind or other, and I certainly had no reason to think he was anything but what he appeared to be: a dirty old hungry human being, in ugly clothing and in ill health. But my charity, it now seems to my mind, depended on him coming to me.

### II.

My office was on the 10th floor. The Science and Policy Programs of the American Association for the Advancement of Science are headquartered there: "Science and Human Rights" is the name of the one I worked for. When I first arrived, I had a room with a window, where sometimes I could hear the saxophonist down on the corner. But that opportunity for reverie ended when one of the program associates returned from month-long conferences in Paris and Johannesburg, and reclaimed her room. I was then sent to the secretary's desk, which I shared with several hard-working people I

could seem to talk easily with, and sat looking at a computer screen.

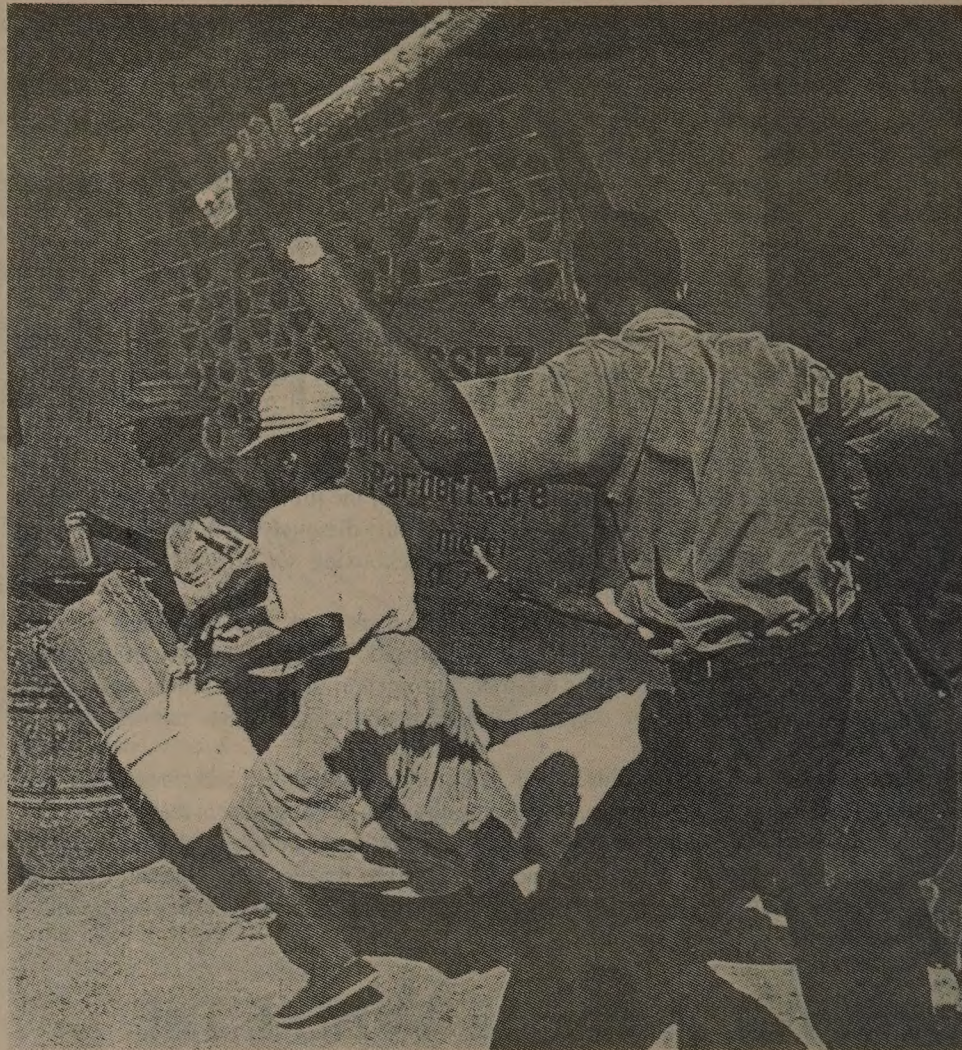
This is an example of what I looked at:

*Liu Gang is currently detained in Lingyuan Province, People's Republic of China. Amnesty International has received several reports that guards at the camp regularly beat prisoners with their fists, electrified batons, and leather belts, and that political prisoners are forced to work up to 14 hours a day. Liu himself reportedly has been kept in leg irons and given electrical shocks...He has spent a total of eight months in solitary confinement...Liu's arm was reportedly broken by prison guards during an attempt to force-feed him during a hunger strike in 1992. He is reported to be in very poor health.*

Here is another:

*Mediha Curabaz was detained on 15 August 1991 and interrogated about a poster*

**Amnesty International has received several reports that guards at the camp regularly beat prisoners with their fists, electrified batons, and leather belts, and that political prisoners are forced to work up to 14 hours a day.**



*campaign in Adana, Turkey, said to have been organized by the Revolutionary Communists' Union of Turkey (TIKB). She was held in police custody for five days before being transferred to prison. Curabaz reported that during these five days she was repeatedly tortured, beaten, hung by the wrists, and raped with a truncheon that delivered electric shocks. At her trial on 14 November 1991 on charges on belonging to the TIKB, she was acquitted and released.*

The gut lurches at these stories. And the heart and mind, awash with an angry bile, scream for action and empathy. This is as it should be. Unfortunately, I would have as difficult a time confirming these reports as I would have confirming Max's status, and where he got his shoes. That summer our program assembled a directory of scientists and other "professional fellows" who had suffered abuse, listing hundreds of cases of harassment, rape, imprisonment, torture, blacklisting, forced expulsion, exploitation, death threats and execution. The directory also included addresses to which one could write letters, if letter writing was appropriate. But it could not—we could not—guarantee that any of those people, those researchers and writers and doctors and professors and administrators, were still alive, or were where we said they were, or were in the condition we claimed they were in.

Not for lack of trying, I assure you. All that summer, I worked the phones. Amnesty International, Middle East Watch, Asia Watch, the Haitian Embassy. What about this woman mentioned in an article in The New York Times, these children mentioned in a Time Magazine report on slavery, this prison which appears on a map of Sudan? Do we have a name, an age? Why were they arrested, why were they killed, and when? I prepared letters, asking about men who disappeared and were returned dead the next morning, the physicists and philosophers who had smuggled letters out of prison on scraps of onion skin. What can you confirm? Anything, nothing?

And then, decisions were made, had to be

made. This man isn't a scientist, he will not go into the directory. We have not had any information on this woman for three years; if we can't confirm her situation, leave her out. Children go out, crowds that were fired upon go out, people who leave their country and find help elsewhere are left out. We only have so much space, and we need to concentrate on those we can help, those we think we're sure of. Everyone else I created a file for, which I stored away in storage cabinets, which were already bursting to overflowing. Thousands of names, and people without names, and likely, I knew, to remain that way.

The idea of human rights, and the work that is done to defend the idea, are two different things, and have two separate histories. One is an ideal; the other, a no-nonsense struggle. Under the mask of polite language, the people who wage the human rights war fight: both with their targets, and each other. And they have reason to do so: the American people, experience shows, have an easily exhaustible sense of sympathy—people get burned out, and the media drops the shots of corpses off the nightly news. Money is scarce, support is hard to come by. The Greeks, the Brazilians, the Vietnamese; all have their supporters and their detractors in Congress and the State Department, and all cut deals. And so my organization, like all the others, dealt. And that meant that some people, some cases, some leads, were sacrificed. Has to happen, right?

There is, I think, a fundamental contradiction in human rights work, one that simultaneously sunders its power while at the same time expanding it. The only real transcendent in our social world, as Jewish and Christian and Confucian theology have long insisted, and as everything from Greek drama to postmodern philosophy seems to imply, is our relationships with others. We come into this world obligated and obliged; we are commanded, by God and our very natures, to care. Granted that life-denying money-, power- or authority-worshipping ideologies sometimes get in our way: still, the care remains. But that care is, or should be, like relationships—immediate, and personal, and







intuitive. You help out your next door neighbor. You give of yourself.

Yet the scientific ideal—call it the Enlightenment—which arose in the 17th Century said, perhaps rightly, that such was not sufficient. The world needed to be fixed, repaired, corrected. And that means, in modern-day democracies at least, taking terrible crimes and senseless tragedies and making them into political tools, to motivate financial and emotional resources. Intuitive service is not enough—all the objective and empirical and legal strength of the public realm must be mustered, and made use of against the evils of the world. Of course, this puts distance between you and those who are in pain: they become “problems,” “horrors,” “holocausts,” and righteousness becomes a calculated affair, explicated in statistics given in closed meetings and hyperbolic rhetoric breathed on CNN. A somewhat contrived labor, everyone would admit—but then, you can’t expect everyone (or anyone, really) to give their life to this...and even if they did, the sacrifice would probably be wasted, right? Far better to play the game, take action whenever you’re able, and then, when you’ve saved all the lives you can, build campaigns out of the dead available to you. Keep the votes coming in. It’s the only way.

I’m not really certain this is wrong: after all, financial pressure on South Africa did more to end apartheid than any missionary, right? But what’s lost in the political translation? The idea of defending human “be-ing” is perhaps the most noble ethic that has ever made the move from the spiritual to the social realm, and those who take on the difficult task of making respect for human rights real in a political and economic sense, whatever it is their governments require of them, deserve our gratitude and honor. They have the best of intentions, surely. And yet, they are still outsiders, trying to make the suffering of others fit an agenda. An agenda designed to serve those who suffer, perhaps, but a foreign agenda nonetheless. None of my fellows in the Science and Human Rights Program had ever actually lived, in any real way, with any of these people whose cases we judged and used. I certainly hadn’t. So how was it that I could presume to speak for them, to fight for them, when I had the wealth to take a fast train home every night and yet never chose to live and suffer beside them? Which is my opportunity, and perhaps my duty as well.

Science and politics and their offspring have given us much, I know, but they haven’t taught us yet what to do with suffering. I certainly don’t know. Sometimes I was overwhelmed by the numbing analysis by which reports and rumors were codified, photocopied, dismissed. We were dealing with people here, and accusations of the most grievous kind! Was there

nothing more which could be done? But no: one’s time was limited, and, in the end, one’s will too. Struggling over the act of translation becomes too much. You decide what you’re going to do. If you can’t change the world, just let people know what it’s like, and celebrate the small victories. Decide whether or not you’re going to give Max the quarter, and get it over with. Now.

One night, as I wrote a letter home, it occurred to me that the rites I had seen in operation—amongst my fellow human rights volunteers, in the Congressional testimony I had covered, in my own small (or were they?) decisions—were nothing less than methods of translation, converting the outrage of human beings into political equations, to be plugged into the policy-making procedure. The anger of the tortured nun and the abused farmer are irreducible in themselves: they must be harnessed by photo opportunities and private meetings and pats on the back. The “rights” of those who suffer are appropriated into the rites of we who “fight” for them, rituals that they will never know.

### III.

I returned with new understandings, and a passion for human rights work. But the thing I think I learned most that summer was hammered home, not by hearings or filings or friends, but by Max. I have, I came to see, my own rites of passage, my own approaches to authorization and acceptance. My time is limited (or so I say), as is my money. Thus convinced, I assume that if I want to give I have to make “tough” decisions. And I did: I gave money only to beggars that asked for it. As far as decisions go, it was arbitrary, self-comforting and hardly appropriate to either the needs of those asking me for money or the call of the Christianity I claimed to profess. Yet I stood by it. I needed some sort of rule, or rite, or ritual to help me make sense of the world, didn’t I? I mean if I don’t have rules, I’ll never act at all, right? Or, perhaps, that’s an excuse?

I admit, I don’t know. The question of rights, and rites, of the boundary and connection between the political and the personal, has plagued me for years. Certainly it also plagued everyone I worked with that summer. Our program had to make decisions about what projects it could take on—if science and politics are going to fix the world, they presumably will have to begin where the money is, the resources and the will. And, well, we all have to pass Max on the street, don’t we? So we create ways of dealing with the pressures upon us. Unavoidable perhaps. Yet the ways of government, it seems to me, and of human rights organizations too, bear very little resemblance to the reality—abuse, deprivation and soul-searching pain—they are supposedly dealing with; as little resemblance, perhaps, as my rites of charity had to the rights of Washington D.C.’s hundreds of street people. To the rights of Max.

So what’s left? Revolution? That’s a temptation, though of what sort I do not know. In the meantime, I hope that perhaps there can be small victories, and that maybe such victories do in fact lead to larger ones. Our directory was published, and mailed to hundreds of potential activists and letter-writers. The U.S.’s report was completed, and drew the predictable reproaches from the UN.—but at least it was recognized. Not enough to change the game certainly, but enough to, with luck, score a few points for my side. And in the foreseeable future, human rights organizations will continue to sensationalize their claims, and governments will continue to cover-up the facts. The human rights project, however moral, will continue inconsistently along, for it has too often conformed to the rites of Washington. Or, more likely, Washington’s rites have co-opted it.

In the end, I gave something to the human rights game, which is better I suppose than carping about it, especially if you don’t have the votes to put your radical game (assuming you have one) into effect. But the question of rights and my Washington experience have remained with me for many months, long since I exited McPherson station for the last time. While I wrote letters and took notes that summer, Clinton re-authorized China’s status as a “most-favored-nation,” Europe dithered while genocide proceeded in the former Yugoslavia, Israel started to bomb Lebanon once again and dozens died in riots in India. And Max is probably still there, his shoes getting shabbier by the day.



**Science and politics and their offspring have given us much, I know, but they haven’t taught us yet what to do with suffering.**





## HOW TO CHOOSE A POLITICAL LABEL

BY DR. VAL LAMBSON

Politically involved people adopt labels. That way they can identify others with different views and know where to go for recreational arguing. Thinking people usually change labels at least once: Winston Churchill claimed that young people who aren't Socialists have no hearts and old people who aren't Conservatives have no brains. The most popular labels are Socialist, Liberal, Conservative, and Libertarian.

Socialists are the only ones who believe good government is possible. Other labels claim to believe it, but insist that government be limited in some ways. Not Socialists. Government should own all the means of production and restrict all aspects of individual life that conflict with the public good. If you're squeamish, forget Socialism.

Liberals and Conservatives share the view that government can brilliantly intervene in some areas and is hopelessly inept in others. They disagree about which areas are which.

Liberals believe that government is good at regulating economic life. For example, many firms think that family leave policies are costly. Government wisely knows that family leave policies make workers more productive. So firms must be forced to adopt them for their own as well as the workers' good. Silly firms.

Conservatives believe in the moral force of law, or in other words, that government is good at legislating morality. For example, they think that government should pass laws regarding abortion, gambling, and how many wives a man may have.

Liberals and Conservatives can be difficult to distinguish in practice because Liberals believe that the government should legislate some kinds of morality while Conservatives believe that the government should intervene in some aspects of the economy. There seem to be no guiding principles. Well, maybe some: Conservatives are more likely to favor tobacco subsidies if they are from North Carolina and steel tariffs if they are from Utah.

Libertarians believe the best government governs least. They concede that government should provide national defense and a court system, but that's about it. Government should not intervene in economics or morality. Libertarians believe free markets work and that people (like Ted Kennedy, Pat Buchanan, Joseph Smith, and Governor Boggs) can have different notions of morality, so people should be free to make their own decisions as long as they don't harm others.

Now for some advice to those choosing a label for the first time. Being a Socialist is the most fun. You sing great songs—just take a look at the old International Workers of the World Song Book—and you participate in exhilarating marches. Civil disobedience allows you to meet a lot of interesting people (although most of them have no sense of humor). The best part is that there is a clear enemy: come the revolution all the capitalists will die and utopia will result.

Being a Libertarian is a lot less fun: you have to admit that utopia is not an option. However there is the satisfaction of adopting a pragmatic and principled philosophy. The resulting "more rational than thou" demeanor can put people off at parties, but a lot less than threatening to kill them come the revolution.

Avoid the mushy middle. You have to read the Democratic or Republican platform every four years to see if they still agree with you. (And then you end up voting for a candidate who ignores the platform.) If you think government is good at solving problems, be a Socialist. If you're old enough to know better, be a Libertarian. It's been said before: the only things in the middle of the road are white lines and dead skunks.

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## RESPONSE TO OPEN LETTER TO REX LEE

*Editor's Note: Last week the Student Review published an open letter from BYU student Shawn Hansen to President Rex Lee. In that letter, which was also mailed directly to President Lee, Shawn asked the administration to clarify and justify the BYU Housing Policy on a few specific points. Just after the Review went to press, Shawn notified us that he had received a response from BYU Assistant General Counsel David B. Thomas. Student Review contacted Mr. Thomas and received permission to publish that letter, which is printed below in its entirety.*

Dear Shawn:

President Lee has referred me to your "Open Letter to Rex Lee, President, Brigham Young University" for response. As one of the attorneys for BYU with front-line responsibility in dealing with BYU's housing issues and the pending litigation brought by the ACLU, he felt that I might be better suited to address the issues raised in your letter.

Your letter raises a number of interesting and important legal issues which confront BYU in the implementation of its housing program. All of these issues are now under legal scrutiny in the suit filed by the ACLU against BYU's off-campus landlords. The pleadings in that case are public documents and I hope you have an interest in reviewing them because they directly address the points you make in your letter and provide a wealth of legal and historical background to those issues which you are obviously not aware of. While not doing justice to the brief we will file, let me give you an overview of several significant points.

At the outset, it is important to note that the University's Board of Trustees has considered the BYU housing policy several times in the last few years. It has been determined that our housing policy, and particularly the segregation of the sexes by buildings or wings of buildings, is an appropriate expression of the fundamentally held gospel principles of modesty and chastity. Whether there is a better way to express these values is beside the point. The fact is the Board of Trustees, which sets policy for the University, has approved this particular policy which is the basis of our housing program. It is this policy which the ACLU says we cannot hold. The ACLU's position is just plain wrong.

Your letter also discloses only a perfunctory understanding of the Fair Housing Act as it applies to our housing policy. In fairness to you, there is a substantial history that needs to be appreciated and understood in order to put both the Fair Housing Act and BYU's housing program into clear perspective. For example, you note in your letter that the Fair Housing Act prohibits discrimination or any statement of preference because of "race, color, religion, sex, handicap, familial status, or national origin..." That Act, however, also specifically provides that religious organizations,

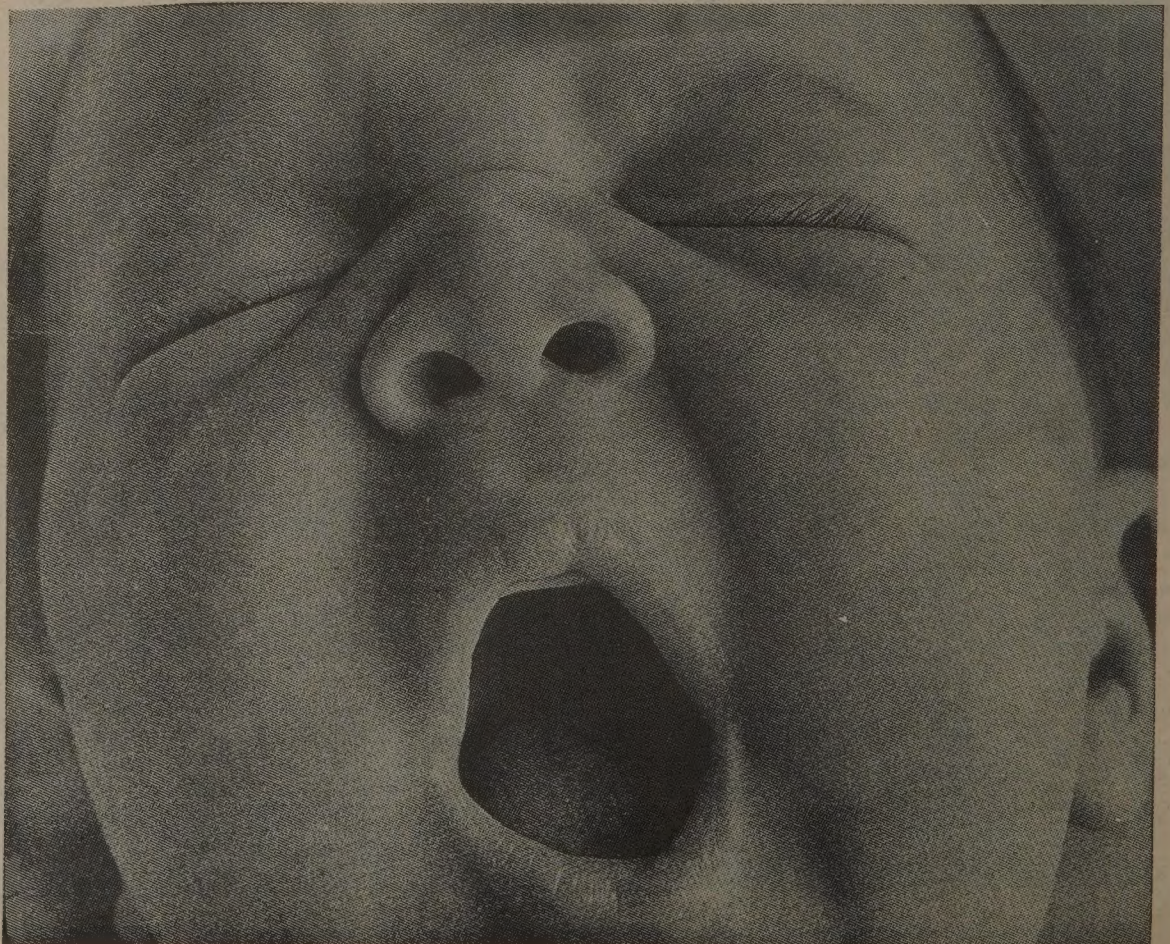
including religiously affiliated educational institutions, are exempt from the Act insofar as the religiously affiliated institution can prefer those of its own religion in non-commercial housing (20 U.S.C. 3607). The ACLU's claim, therefore, that BYU housing discriminates against non-Mormons is not only factually wrong—we don't,—but even if we did it would be our legal prerogative to do so. In addition, under Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972, sex discrimination in higher education is prohibited, but Congress specifically exempted university housing from the prohibition against sex segregation. In short, Congress specifically permitted sex segregation in university housing. It was this specific grant under Title IX, which on its face appears to be counter to the Fair Housing Act, that formed the basis for the 1978 Agreement with the Justice Department.

In 1978, BYU had established and was exercising its right to segregate the sexes within its off-campus housing when a complaint to the Justice Department was filed under the Fair Housing Act alleging a violation of the Act. When BYU and the Department of Justice reviewed BYU's housing program and the apparent conflict between the Fair Housing Act and the Educational Amendment of 1972, the Justice Department recognized that where Congress had specifically visited and granted an exemption to university housing permitting sex segregation, the specific legislation should have control over the more general and arguably inconsistent provisions of the Fair Housing Act. This interpretation of Title IX and the Fair Housing Act forms the basis for the 1978 Agreement. Contrary to your suspicions, the 1978 Agreement does not cut BYU any special deal, nor is it contrary to law. Rather, it represents an appropriate resolution of a complaint which, when properly understood, should never have been filed in the first place.

The 1978 Agreement with the Department of Justice does not represent the only review of the propriety of BYU's off-campus housing. For example, in 1988 and again in 1992, the Department of Education and the Department of Housing and Urban Development reviewed BYU's housing policy and approved it as a lawful expression of important religious values. Moreover, in 1992 Congress passed the Religious Freedom Restoration Act which prohibits government intrusion by way of legislation such as the Fair Housing Act on individual and institutional free exercise of religion. No amount of sophomoric analysis or ill founded complaints can change or detract from this wealth of controlling law.

I would be happy to discuss these and other things with you if you have other questions.

Sincerely,  
 (signed)  
 David B. Thomas





## SINEAD O'CONNOR: "UNIVERSAL MOTHER"

BY ERIC BEECROFT

It has been several years since we last heard new material from Sinéad O'Connor. With the notable exception of a great song on the "In the Name of the Father" soundtrack, we haven't heard a peep. This album, however, is well worth the wait.

It is titled "Universal Mother." This may be in reference to Ireland itself, or possibly to Sinéad's Catholic upbringing. (The word "catholic" means universal). It may refer to both, and/or a host of other things. This album is soft and mellow compared to her previous releases. A majority of the songs are acoustic or piano driven, with a noted exception being "Fire on Babylon" and "Famine." A video has already been released for "Babylon."

"Famine" is a pseudo-rap piece. Rap? From Sinéad? Yes, O'Connor raps (more like talking, really) about the so-called "myth" of the Irish Potato Famine. The theory goes that British officials took Ireland's food and began spreading the myth of the Famine of 1847 through the schooling of Irish children. I'm not certain how accurate this theory is, but it is an excellent song, different and thought-provoking.

Also on this album is a cover of Nirvana's "All Apologies". If you thought the original was soft, wait until you hear this one. With only one guitar as backup, it is a quirky remake. Maybe it's just me, but I always liked Nirvana's music as done by Nirvana. Not that this isn't cool, it just seems to lose some of its sarcasm and wit in the translation. The fifth track is only 21 seconds long, and was written by Jake Reynolds, O'Connor's son.



A lot of the tracks reflect the pain in O'Connor's life. "Red Football" is a song about abuse of women and children. The last number is entitled "Thank You For Hearing Me", and is essentially a thank you note to a lover for the experience of interaction, for better or for worse: "Thank you for hearing me/thank you for loving me/thank you for seeing me/And for not leaving me... Thank you for breaking my heart/thank you for tearing me apart/Now I've a strong heart/thank you for breaking my heart".

All fourteen tracks are very coherent and flowing. In fact, Sinéad has a footnote in the liner notes which reads, "This album should really be listened to in sequence, rather than in single tracks." I really liked this album, and if you are a fan, I think you would, too. It's a good album that is definitely worth a listen, especially if you are an O'Connor fan.

## "LOVE SPIT LOVE"

REVIEWED BY CAMILLE BLACK

How could I ever have doubted Richard Butler? I was afraid to hear the genius mind behind the Psychedelic Furs in his new band. I didn't want to hear something less than incredible, and see my vision of his work be shattered. I didn't want the pedestal I had placed him on to crumble. But, in the store, as I stood amidst a sea of CD racks, one disc floated above the rest. I dropped the "Best of Disco" compilation I had been holding, and stretched to see the eye-catching disc more closely. It called to me. What could I do but answer? Only once had I heard anything by Love Spit Love, but suddenly putting gas in my car that week didn't seem very important. I bounded through the aisles, my loving arms outstretched, until I snatched up my treasure and brought it close to my beating heart. Gliding through the store with the eponymous debut in one hand and my last fifteen dollars in the other, I stared down any strange looks that were thrown at me by the poor, unknowing, fashion-conscious souls. I slapped my money down on the counter and strode confidently out of the store. Oh yes, it was mine.

When I sat down to actually listen to it, I didn't know what to expect. What I was served by the folks at Imago had a different flavor, but was the same great food—just like having beef flavor Top Ramen after weeks of the chicken kind. The first two tracks remind me of home, Seattle, as they had a heavy guitar sound (by the way, we NEVER call it "grunge"). Tracks five, six (the only released single so far), and nine have a lighter feel to them, but Butler's dark voice retains their intensity. Eight and eleven feature more of the band, showing guitarist Richard Fortus' competence. "Codeine", track ten, is the token waltz, and track 12 rounds out the album with a

stable backup that allows Butler to be more melodic than usual.

I was impressed. I should have had faith, nothing wavering. I should have known that the man who gave us "Heaven," "Love My Way," "Heartbreak Beat," "The Ghost In You" and so many other greats wouldn't let me down. In fact, Love Spit Love—which, incidentally, I thought was Love's Bit Love when I heard it spoken on the radio—has a refreshing newness, promising more awesome material in the future and possibly some really rockin' concerts. So I placed the CD in its case, caressed it lovingly and placed it right in between my Housemartins London 0 Hull 4 and OMD Sugartax album, to become another classic.



## RETRO REVIEW: THE TRASH CAN SINATRAS

BY E. BEECROFT

The Trash Can Sinatras have to be one of the most underrated bands of the late 1980's. This fivesome from Scotland began making music together in the middle 80's and have a few excellent albums to date. Their first semi-successful release, "Cake", is a wonderful mix of acoustic guitars and thick Scotch brogues. Rather folk-rock, this album is a mix of slow and fast songs, none of them really hard. Lyrically, these lads are geniuses, though it can be sometimes difficult to understand their lyrics through their accents. Consisting of 10 lively, eclectic songs, this album is, in my opinion, their best. It is one of my all-time favorites ever, which is a tough thing to say for any disc. It's great to drive around to but it is equally at home in your living room. This album can be simple or tough to acquire; it is not really rare, it's just that most music stores don't stock it. The only real commercial success on this album came from the first track, "Obscurity Knocks", for which a video was produced and quite a bit of airplay received.

After this album was released, the band disappeared for a few years, coming back powerfully in 1993 with "I've seen everything". This latest work, released just over a year ago, has received virtually no airplay. To date, only one video has been released, and it is rarely played. This disc contains 14 tracks, the sweetest sounding probably being "Hayfever" or "Send for Henny". While I don't feel this album is nearly as good as the first one, it has enough merit to easily be worth the purchasing price, and to be listened to intently. This album uses more electric guitars and is a little faster, but the lyrics and arrangements are so wonderfully put together that they easily make up for any deficiencies.

The Sinatras toured to support this album. However, the boys were a bit intoxicated (to say the least) when they played the Salt Lake venue, Club DV8, last July. It was one of the band member's birthdays, or so the story goes, hence their inebriation. The Trash Can Sinatras rarely tour outside of the United Kingdom so it's a surprise when they do come through.

The Trash Can Sinatras are somewhat less accessible lyrically than other, more popular bands, but this fact is exactly what makes the band so worth listening to. There is a strong undercurrent of band devotion among their fans, which seem to be very diehard. Everyone I know who has listened has either loved the band or ignored them, and, according to an employee at Sonic Garden, it is very tough to keep in stock when it's played in-store. This band has been basically ignored by the press and music business execs, which, I believe, has helped the Sinatras keep their folksy/college rock sound and unbelievably great style. At least give them a listen—you may be pleasantly surprised. The band is on the label Go!Discs/Ltd. and is marketed by Polygram Records. Want more information? Write to:

"I Hate Music", No. 1 Glencairn Square,  
Kilmarnock KA1 2QX, Scotland

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If you would like to list some event or otherwise important goings on please contact Julee at 377-6676 or the Student Review Office at 377-2980.

## THE ARTS & WHATNOT:

**The Curious Savage**, 9/22-11/19, at the Hale Center Theatre, 225 W. 400 N., Orem, 226-8600 for tickets and showtimes.

**International Cinema**, showing 9/27-10/1, An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano, Tous Les Matins du Monde, 250 SWKT, call 378-5751 for showtimes.

**Utah Symphony**, 9/28 at 7:30 pm, in the deJong Concert Hall, tickets available at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

**Jazz Legacy Dixieland Band**, 9/28 at 7:30 pm, in the Madsen Recital Hall.

**Classic Cinema**, presents Citizen Kane, 9/29-30 and 10/1, Varsity Theatre, call 378-6645 for showtimes.

**Don Giovanni**, 9/29, presented by the San Francisco Opera Co., BYU deJong Concert Hall, tickets on sale at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

**Playing for Time**, 9/30-10/15, BYU Theatre, tickets avail. at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

**An Evening of Concertos**, 10/4 at 7:30 pm, in the deJong Concert Hall, tickets available at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

**Classic Cinema**, presents Casablanca, 10/4, 7-8, Varsity Theatre, call 378-6645 for showtimes.

**Fall Choral Showcase**, 10/6 at 7:30 pm, deJong Concert Hall, tickets available at the Fine Arts Ticket Office.

**Aida**, 10/8-16, presented by the Utah Opera Co., tickets available at Capitol Theatre ArtTix office, 50 W. 200 S., 355-2787.

## CONCERTS AND LIVE SHOWS:

**Sarah Williams**, 9/29 at **Mama's Cafe**, 840 N. 700 E., Provo.

**Matt Harding**, 9/29 at **Pier 54**, 117 N. University Ave.

**Cory DeMille**, 9/30 at **Mama's Cafe**.

**The Slam Heads**, 9/30 at **Pier 54**.

**Ampersand**, 10/1 at **Mama's Cafe**, \$2 cover.

**Tapestry Drive**, 10/1 at **Pier 54**.

**Anne Murray**, 10/3 at 8 pm, in **Abravanel Hall**, tickets available at ArtTix or 355-ARTS.

**Sawyer Brown**, 10/5 at the Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets.

**Rock Block Party 1994**, 10/8 from noon to dusk, at the Utah State Fair Park, featuring Jefferson Starship, Robby Krieger (of the Doors) and more, tickets available at Smith's Tix locations or call 800-888-TIXS.

**Candlebox**, w/ Flaming Lips & Mother Tongue, 10/13 at SaltAir, 7:30 pm, tickets available thru Smith's Tix.

**Rolling Stones**, w/ special guest Seal, 10/23 at Rice Stadium, tickets available at Smith's Tix or 800-888-TIXS.

**Nine Inch Nails**, w/ Marilyn Manson and the Jim Rose Circus, 10/18, at the Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix or 800-888-TIXS.

**Lorrie Morgan**, 10/25 at the USU Spectrum, tickets available at Smith's Tix.

**Tony Bennett**, 11/11 at 8 pm, in **Abravanel Hall**, tickets available at ArtTix or 355-ARTS.

**The Eagles**, 11/8 at the Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets.

## ONGOING:

**The Garrens Comedy Troupe**, performing this Sat. (10/1) in 151 TNRB, one show only.

**Institute of Terror Haunted House**, opens this weekend in SLC, downtown Provo and Newgate Mall (Ogden), this weekend only - bring a can of food and get buck off admission.

**Country Western Saturday Night**, Murray Dance Center, 4880 S. State, instruction begins at 8 pm, dancing at 9 pm, 278-7291.

**Trolley Square Concerts**, showcase local talent at the mall's amphitheater stage.

**Heber Valley Railroad**, season ends 10/30, call 581-9980 or 654-5601 for times, don't miss out on a ride on the rails!

**Matuschka**, art exhibit thru 11/10, at the Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S. West Temple.

**Hawkwatch International**, thru 11/5, at the Utah/Nevada border west of Wendover, the public is invited to the mountaintop research center to observe counting & banding of hawks, eagles & falcons, call 801-524-8511 to make a reservation.

**Family History Center Classes**, every 2nd & 4th Sunday, variety of free classes offered, held in the HBLL Library, 378-6200.

**Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals**, Thursdays, 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

**Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word"**, Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15.

**Temple Square Concert Series**, Assembly Hall on Temple Square at 7:30 pm, call 240-3318 for info. on performances.

**Brown Bag Lunch**, every Fri. at noon, **Provo Public Library**.

**Body Kindness Workshop**, Tuesdays at 4 pm, in 378 ELWC.

**BYU Planetarium**, call 378-4361 for scheduling, 378-5396 for recording of shows. **Springville Art Museum**, at 126 E. 400 S., showing Pilar Pobil's "Passion for Color" thru 10/2, call 489-2727 for museum hours.

**Museum of Peoples & Cultures**, at the corner of 700 N. 100 E., presents "Paquime & the Casas Grandes Culture", open 9-5 weekdays, admission is free!

**Hansen Planetarium**, at 15 S. State in SLC, shows include Laser-Fusion, Laser-U2 and Laser-Grunge, call 538-209 for times.

**Counseling & Development Center Workshops**, 151-A SWKT.

## EVENTS:

**Blood Drive**, 9/28 from 3:30-8:00 pm, UVRMC Clark Auditorium, 500 W. 1030 N., Provo.

**Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus**, 9/28-10/3 at the Delta Center.

**Threads of Life brown bag series**, sponsored by Women's Services & Resource Center, 9/29 at 11 am, topic is building self-esteem, 376 ELWC.

**Free Paragliding Lecture**, 9/29 from 2-4 pm, 143 RB on BYU Campus.

**BYU v. USU**, 9/29 at 7 pm, BYU Stadium .. revenge is sweet.

**Bryce Valley Harvest Festival**, 9/30-10/1, in Tropic (near Bryce Canyon National Park) featuring country music, quilt contest, dutch oven cookoff and much more, call 679-8796.

**Utah Conference for Child Safety**, 9/30-10/1 at Snowbird, call 521-6040 x4080 for more info.

**LDS General Conference**, 10/1-2, Temple Square in

SLC.

**Willy Wonka Party**, 10/1 at The Edge Dance Club, come dressed as your favorite character and enjoy the decorations and candy!

**Battle of the Bands**, 10/3-6, noon in the West Court.

**Vocal Point**, 10/7, de Jong Concert Hall at 7:30 pm, tickets available at the HFAC Ticket Office.

**Snowbird's Oktoberfest**, weekends until 10/16, with German food, music and dance, 521-6040 x4080.

## CINEMA GUIDE:

**Academy Theatre**, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

**Avalon Theatre**, 3605 S. State, Murray, 226-0258.

**Carillon Square Theatres**, 309 E. 1300 S., Orem, 224-5112.

**Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas**, 959 S. 700 E., Orem, 224-6622.

**Movies 8**, 2424 N. Univ. Parkway, Provo, 375-5667.

**Scera Theatre**, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.

**Sundance Institute**, screenings in the Sundance Institute Screening Room at Sundance Resort, call 328-3450 for schedules.

**Tower Theatre**, 875 E. 900 S., SLC, 359-9234.

**Varsity Theatre**, on BYU Campus, 378-3311.

## CLUB GUIDE:

**The Bay**, 400 S. West Temple, SLC, 363-2623.

**Bourbon Street Bar & Grill**, comedy, R&B, 241 S. 500 E., SLC, 359-1200.

**Brewskys**, western dance, at the Utah State Fairpark Discovery Bldg., 262-1079.

**Club X**, 32 E. Exchange Place (between State & Main and 3rd & 4th), SLC, 521-9292.

**Confetti Club**, modern, techno, industrial, 909 E. 2100 S.

**Comedy Circuit**, Main & Center St., Midvale, 561-7777.

**Dead Goat Saloon**, rock & alternative, 165 S. West Temple, SLC, 539-8400.

**DV8**, modern music & live bands, 115 S. West Temple, SLC, 539-8400.

**The Edge**, 153 W. Center, Provo, 375-3131.

**Jamaican Place**, alternative & disco, with live reggae every Sat., 165 S. West Temple, SLC, 575-6432.

**Johnny B's Comedy Club**, 300 S. 117 W., Provo, 377-6910.

**Mama's Cafe**, just a rockin'

place, 840 N. 700 E., Provo, 373-1525.

**The Palace**, 501 N. 900 E., Provo, 373-2623.

**Pie Pizzeria**, jazz & acoustic, 1320 E. 200 S., SLC, 582-0913.

**Pier 54**, open mike, jazz, other, 117 N. Univ. Ave., Provo, 377-5454.

**Tropicana Club**, live Latin music, 1130 E. 2100 S., SLC, 486-9559.

**Zephyr Club**, rock, live bands & alternative, 301 S. West Temple, SLC, 355-CLUB.

## USEFUL PHONE #'s:

**AIDS Hotline**, 800-AIDS-411.

**Air Quality Hotline**, 373-9560.

**Alcoholics Anonymous**, 375-8620.

**ACLU**, 521-9289.

**Boy Scouts of America**, 373-4185 or 800-748-4256.

**BYU Info.**, 378-INFO.

**Camping at Utah State Parks**, 322-3770 or 800-322-3700.

**Career Guidance Center**, 377-7476.

**Center for Women & Children in Crisis**, 374-9351.

**Concert Hotline**, 536-1234.

**Job Service**, 373-7500.

**Mosquito Abatement**, 370-8637.

**National Kidney Foundation**, 226-5111.

**Peace Corps**, 800-525-4621.

**Poison Control Center**, 800-456-7707.

**Rex Lee's Office**, 378-2521.

**Share-a-Pet**, 975-1650.

**Sonic Garden**, concerts & releases, 37-SONIC.

**Student Review Office**, 377-2980.

**Time & Temperature**, 373-9120.

**UTA Bus Info.**, 375-4636.

**UVSC Info.**, 222-8000.

**Utah Bureau of Air Quality**, 536-4000.

**Utahns Against Hunger**, 328-2561.

**White House**, 202-456-1414.

**Youth Service Center**, 373-2215.

## EDITOR'S PICK:

*If you're really hungry and have no food in the house I say you hit any one of the million mission reunions that will be taking place this weeked. Catch one near you! Oh, by the way, hi Greg —he's the Star Search male spokesmodel.*